

The Escape OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

By FRANK A. HUBBELL, Late Private 1st Penn. Vol. and Capt.
Co. D 67th Penn. Portage, Wash.

IT was right to demolish the temple that it might be bulldozed right."

It was a superb catastrophe which was to form the conclusion of the past.

We did not go into the conflict of the Civil war with hatred in our hearts. We felt little hostility. We believed our nationality would grow greater and stand better by unity. Dissolution would be a calamity. Those of the South were antagonistic to this belief. Their principle was a right to them which we in humanity's sake thought was wrong to enslave a human being. The war was inevitable. There was but one way to settle the dispute. It was done. Might and the majority and right prevailed.

The war ended, as it had begun, with malice towards none, and the United States.

In narrating this, my great war story, I do not claim to have done more, or suffered more than other comrades of the Civil war, whose lines were drawn as mine. Nor should I have published it only to comply with the request of many friends and comrades to whom sketches of it were known. More especially from several, who heard my talk seven years ago, under the auspices of Olympia Post, No. 3, G. A. R., at Olympia.

I write this true story of pure patriotism from actual scenes of devotion and loyalty at a time when a mere denunciation of our flag meant life and liberty to men who were dying by scores.

It is not often of late years that a soldier of the Civil war is called upon for reminiscences—perhaps because they have already talked too much. To some, their stories have become old and second-handed. People have lost interest in their deeds of valor, and occasionally you will hear the remark, "Too much old soldier."

I can remember a time when there was not too much old soldier—soldiers young or old. In fact, we sometimes thought there was not enough soldiers.

I myself was reminded of too much war talk on an occasion where I had delivered my story at the city of St. Joseph, Missouri, under the auspices of Custer Post, No. 7, and the W. R. C. Several comrades next day were gathered around the festive board of a generous friend. Eatables and drinkables were numerous for the occasion. Comments on my great war story, given the evening before, were freely indulged in. One old gray-haired veteran, more especially directed his talk to me in the following lines:

"I have sang their praise in prose and verse
And shouted them near and far,
Of the blood they spilled,
And the Rebs they killed,
These boys of the G. A. R.
But I am free to say at this late day,
And while I have life and breath,
That the number they slew,
Were but one to two,
Of those they have talked to death."

I am aware of public criticism. I do not expect all to fall in with my great story and say, bravo! But it has come to be regarded that the loftiest expression of loyalty given during the Civil war, by any class of soldier, was that of the prisoner of war.

Nearly 71,000 laid down their lives with the Battle Hymn on their lips, "Christ died to make men holy; Let us die to make men free." Martyrs, as well as heroes, they dragged out the joyless, almost hopeless days in hunger and torture of heart and cold and storm, with only rags as a covering. The pain of disease and vermin racking their poor, emaciated bodies, death stalking hourly in their midst, yet, through it all, to the alluring promises of liberty and plenty if they would forswear their country's flag, under whose folds they had fought to the end, they were as unyielding as our Saviour on the mountain top to the offered bribes of Satan.

It was a brave soldier, that charged into the forlorn hope, under the excitement of martial music and booming guns. But what credit should we give the prisoner of war who for days, weeks, months, and some nearly years, stood upon the brink of his own grave? Who, with shriveled frame, and hollow eye, gazed into its yawning abyss, from the rising of the morning sun, till the stars faded into twilight. No strains of music inspired his soul to the charge. No bugle call nerved him for the fray. But the low-hummed dirge of death crept over him each day as he looked across to the prison graveyard and watched that mountain of bleaching bones rise as comrade after comrade contributed his body to its ghastly contribution.

A cold, white marble shaft stands sentinel over that spot to-day that time and age will never efface. Friends and families will come to the parting of the ways; generations slumber, mold and decay; the lightning flash and thunders rattle around its spherical form; but the inscription written in letters of blood will remain. Perhaps some lady will read this whose husband approached her with the startling news that Sumpter had fallen, "our nation is in peril. Shall I go to war and fight for preservation of the union?" She looked down at the little ones encircled about her, with flushed face, and tear-dimmed eyes. "Your duty calls you, I can hold the plow, John, Kate can wield the hoe."

The young, the middle-aged, the old were gone. Years passed by.

The moss-bearded live oaks of the Southern lagoon, the towering pines of the mountain side, the cypress of the swamps, and the Savanas were stripped of their leaves and foliage by grape and canister, their huge trunks rent in twain by solid shot, the vast plains of the South land, with its valleys of flowers and grass, were stained with smoke and crimson.

The plumed bird of paradise, the warble of the mocking bird, the curlew's restless cries, were hushed in the death knell of thousands, for they slept by each river and tree.

The wife waited in vain for him who never came, for the father's glory was a soldier's grave. Oh, what a time was that! What a tribute was that wife's—that husband's!

You, who lived not in those dark days, learn the lesson well. Read the written and hear the unwritten story of that great struggle. Impress it upon your minds as it is written in the faces and forms of the living comrades of to-day. Honor them as you reverence the dead, that the fires of patriotism shall burn your very soul till God and country shall own you as one.

Every lover of liberty, every believer of self-government, no matter where they lived during that war, knew that the success of the Northern armies meant much to them. If you doubt it, search the passenger lists of our great ocean liners that have plied between this and other countries for the past fifty years.

We see them as they step upon the gang plank on the ship that is to bear them away from the land of their nativity, with sentiments in their chart, and words upon their lips similar to those of the Irish lad when he sang, "O! Erin, must I leave you. Must I ask a mother's blessing in a strange but happier land."

But they could bear their parting well, for with their fresh ideas and new hopes they watched the little white hand, stretched above the heads of the throng on the wharf, bidding them God speed across the waters of the rolling deep to free America.

It is because the mighty hosts went down to the front and gained the victory that every American, no matter from what country he came, holds high his head, proud in the knowledge that he belongs to a country, whose glorious past is being succeeded by a mightier future.

Had we failed, had the blood of the patriot been shed for naught, other nations would have treated us with contempt and overbearing insolence. If the union had been dissolved, if the great edifice built with the blood of our forefathers had gone down in wreck and ruin, the result would have been an awful calamity. The great American republic would have become a memory of derision. Our country, now so great and so wonderful, would have been split into little jangling, rival nationalities, each with a history both bloody and contemptible.

There have been other wars for individual freedom and national greatness, but there never has been a war in which the issue at stake, stood for so much to all people of all climes.

We take just pride in the great deeds of 1776, but we must remember that the revolutionary war would have been shorn of its results, had the tide of war for Union and Liberty been defeated in the Civil War.

(To be Continued.)
(In the next issue of The Citizen Captain Hubbell will tell in his charming way of how the "boys" started for the front and give an impressive word picture of the attendant excitement. He is taken captive and marched to Libby prison. Don't miss this chapter.—Ed.)

SENATOR LODGE FORSAKES COLONEL.

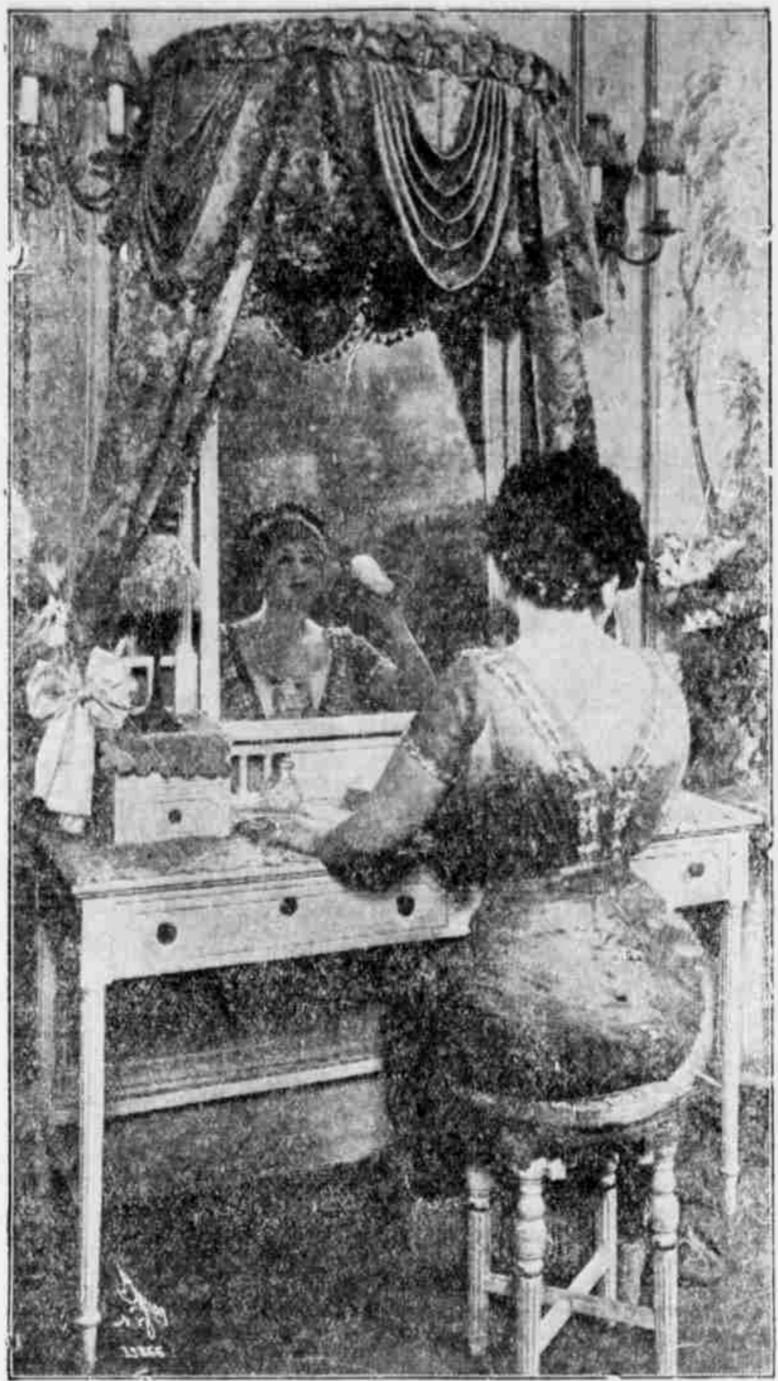
Washington, D. C., March 2.—Probably the worst blow that Col. Roosevelt's candidacy has received was in the form of a regretful statement issued by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, to the closest friend of the Colonel has in public life. Colonel Roosevelt campaigned for Senator Lodge at the last election. They have always been close friends, politically and personally. The Massachusetts senator intended to announce his support of Roosevelt but was prevented from doing so by the character of the Colonel's speech at Columbus. To-night he issued the following statement:

I am opposed to the constitutional changes advocated by Colonel Roosevelt in his recent speech at Columbus. I have very strong convictions on these questions which, during the past three or four years, I have expressed in public with such force of argument as I can command. But Colonel Roosevelt and I for thirty years, and wholly apart from politics, have been close and most intimate friends. I must continue to oppose the policies which are urged at Columbus, but I cannot personally oppose him who has been my lifelong friend, and for this reason I shall take no part whatever in the campaign for the presidential nomination.

CENTERVILLE.

(Special to The Citizen.)
Centerville, Pa., March 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sooby, of Scranton, spent Saturday and Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kimble. Margaret Marshall, who has been working in Scranton for the past winter, returned to her home here on Tuesday.

Beatrice Kimble is spending a few weeks with relatives in Scranton.



NINA COLLINS IN THE MIRROR-SONG IN "ALMA, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?" LYRIC THEATRE ONE NIGHT, MONDAY, MARCH 11.

HAWLEY.

(Special to The Citizen.)
Hawley, March 2.

M. H. Wall came here from Philadelphia on Friday for the purpose of visiting his brother, T. F. Wall. Mr. Wall left Wayne county several years ago and located in the oil section of Pennsylvania where he became an expert in chemical analysis of coal oil, being chief inspector for a company of large producers. He was at one time sent to Japan in the interest of the firm for whom he worked and remained there for some time. He still owns the homestead which is a large farm near Boyds Mills in Damascus township. He said that before he returns home he would probably sell the farm.

James Ryder, Milford, Pike county, is in town this week doing some dentist work to the horses by fixing their teeth.

Among others who spent the brief Washington Birthday vacation at home were George Murphy, of Kingston Business College and Jas. Flynn of the Scranton Business College.

Fred Rutan and Hugo Warren were initiated in Waugum Lodge on Wednesday night last week.

Henry Bried has sold his property situated at the Eddy, to a Mr. Shaffer of Blooming Grove. Mr. Shaffer recently sold his farm at that place to the Blooming Grove Association.

Anna Goldsmith, administratrix, sold last week the property situated in Paimyra township, to Nancy Strinard, the consideration being \$200.

Miss Maud Kimble had the misfortune to fall in the skating rink last week and fracture her arm.

A. F. Dixon, Scranton, was doing business in town last week.

Mark Tuttle, while driving the auto delivery truck owned by F. L. Tuttle & Son, met with a grave accident on Bellefonte Hill. It happened on Thursday during that icy time when Mr. Tuttle was climbing the hill leading to what used to be called Snufftown, when one of the tire chains dropped off, letting the machine slide down an embankment. He was assisted to his home having an injured leg and a badly wrecked machine.

W. H. Curtis, Wilkes-Barre, registered at Park View Hotel, on Saturday.

Mrs. Clarence Pennell was calling on friends in town on Friday last. On Saturday morning she went to Washingtonville for a couple of weeks with her husband.

Mrs. S. C. Bortree, Arlet, visited at Hawley on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Another wedding in town in the very near future. Guess who!

A device for removing shavings and dust has been installed in connection with the other apparatus of conveniences in the Atkinson Box shop.

Miss Minnie Rose and sister, Bertha, who were visiting in the Electric City, were called home on account of the serious illness of their brother, Charles Rose. He is now considered out of danger.

Miss Julia Compton was a weekend visitor of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keesler, at Glen Eyre. Mr. Keesler is again in very poor health. His attending physician, Dr. Cook, of Canaan, advises a change of climate as the only remedy for an improvement of his health.

Miles Rowland attended the funeral of the late Dr. R. H. Ely held here on Thursday and accompanied the funeral party on the following day to Laceyville where the burial took place.

Mrs. Kate Riddle is now in the State Hospital, Scranton, and at last

report it seems that she will be compelled to undergo an operation. Barbara Wetzel is the obliging telephone operator who recently secured a position in the exchange office.

RHEUMATISM

Dr. Whitehall's RHEUMATIC REMEDY

For 15 years a Standard Remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, lumbago, gout, sore muscles, stiff or swollen joints. It quickly relieves the severe pains; reduces the fever, and eliminates the poison from the system. 50 cents a box at druggists.

Write for a Free Trial Box
Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co.
188 S. Lafayette St. South Bend, Ind.

HOLLISTERVILLE.

(Special to The Citizen.)
Hollisterville, March 3.
The Washington's Birthday entertainment held in the M. P. church on the 21st of February, was a success financially.

Charles Brown is helping to load cars at Wimmers.

Squire E. B. Hollister has improved so that he is able to sit up. His wife is still bedfast.

Carl Mehne, of New York city, and Jacob Mehne, of Scranton, are visiting the former's brother, George Mehne.

The second quarterly conference of the M. P. church will be held on Saturday, March 9, at 2 p. m. at the Union church.

Patron's day was observed in the public schools here on the 22d with a large attendance of the parents present. A good program was presented and enjoyed.

PAUPACK.

(Special to The Citizen.)
Paupack, Pa., March 2.

There ought to be plenty of fruit this year if ice storms tell anything about it, as we have had several heavy ones recently.

Pete Gumble, who is working at Glen Eyre, spent Sunday home.

Charles Afford recently moved from Hawley to this place where he has secured employment.

Anna K. Gumble went to Hawley Saturday to take her music lesson.

Mrs. Arter and son, Harold, have returned home after an extended visit with friends at Equinunk.

Edna K. Singer spent Tuesday night with H. A. V.

Edwin Killam is improving quite slowly.

In Memory of Mr. Kipp.

The National House of Representatives on Sunday, February 25, paid loving and a high tribute to the memory of the late Congressman George W. Kipp. Mr. Rothermell, speaker pro tem, presided over the session, after which Chaplain H. N. Couden, D. D., offered prayer.

Eulogies on the late congressman were offered by Congressmen Wilson, Lamb, Underhill, Gregg, Ansberry, Ainey, Palmer and Rothermell. Leave to print the eulogies in the Congressional Record was granted.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery in and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1912,
and to continue two weeks;

And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, March 4, 1912, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 4th day of March, 1912, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognition or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 14th day of Feb., 1912, and in the 135th year of the Independence of the United States
FRANK C. KIMBLE, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office,
Honesdale Feb. 14 1912. 12w4

HORSES

The finest consignment of reliable horses ever to arrive in Honesdale are at the livery stable of

M. Lee Braman
Church Street.

Every horse is guaranteed to be as represented. They are kind and gentle. Our matched teams are winners. Come and see them.

Sale Now On

—Our Minister— at the Lyric on Friday evening.

THIS and THAT

WHERE one man gets rich through hazardous speculation a hundred get POOR. WHERE one man stays poor by his slow methods of saving, a hundred get RICH.

The wise man chooses the better plan and places his money in this bank.

HONESDALE DIME BANK,
Honesdale, Pa.

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The Plan That Promotes Success

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This Plan is a positive and powerful factor in promoting the success of all who avail themselves of its benefits.

It means that this Company is giving practical assistance to earnest people everywhere by supplying them—for pennies—with the best typewriter in the world.

The "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is directly in line with the present-day movement to substitute type-writing for handwriting in business correspondence.

Ownership of The Oliver Typewriter is fast becoming one of the essentials of success.

"17 Cents a Day" and The

Printype—
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Typewriter.

The Standard visible Writer

There is no patent on the "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan.

We invented it and presented it to the public, with our compliments.

The "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan leaves no excuse for writing in primitive longhand. We have made it so easy to own The Oliver Typewriter that there's no need even to rent one.

Just say "17 Cents a Day"—save your pennies—and soon the machine is yours!

The Oliver Typewriter is selling by thousands for 17 Cents a Day.

When even the School Children are buying machines on this simple, practical Plan, don't you think it is time for you to get an Oliver Typewriter?

17 Cents a Day
Buys Newest Model

We sell the new Oliver Typewriter No. 5 for 17 Cents a Day.

We guarantee our No. 5 to be absolutely our best model.

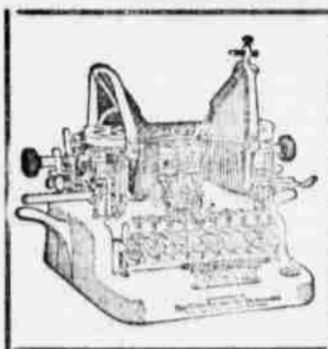
The same machine that the great corporations use.

Their dollars cannot buy a better machine than you can get for pennies.

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The Oliver Typewriter No. 5 has many great conveniences not found on other machines.

We even supply it equipped to write the wonderful new PRINTYPE—for 17 Cents a Day.

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The Oliver Typewriter is a money-making machine. It helps "big business" pile up huge profits.

Tens of thousands of people rely on the Oliver Typewriter for their very bread and butter.

A small first payment puts the machine in your possession.

Then you can make it earn the money to meet the little payments.

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